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# NOTRE DAME

# SCHOLASTIC

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A Christmas Ballad.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

 *HO robbeth the Deep on Christmas night  
Of prey she deems her own,  
Shall perish—'tis the wild Sea's right—  
Ere the twelfth month be flown.*

'Tis Christmas night, the winds are out,  
The sea is running high,  
Warm is the drift-wood log and stout,  
The Skipper's wife is by.

A little lad there sitteth near,  
The Skipper's son is he,  
And for a Christmas tale to hear  
He pleadeth eagerly.

The good wife speaketh, knitting slow,  
Her heart is sore unrest,  
And ever around her glances go  
Like one in anxious quest.

"The black clouds brushed the blacker sea,  
Full mast-head high the spray,  
Thy father's ship was scudding free  
Just twelve months gone to-day;

"He could not see before, behind,  
In vain the lights he showed;  
The vessel plunged like one all blind  
Upon an unknown road,

"When sudden, like the thunder's crack  
Through the expectant calm,  
The great ship struck a schooner's rack,  
And rose a wild alarm.

"O Christ, on such an awful plight  
May we here ne'er befall!  
'Lower the boats,—with main and might  
Pull, pull, my sailors, all!'

"One soul of all the schooner's crew  
My Skipper's boatmen found;

An infant of a year or two,  
The rest—the rest—were drowned.

"He cometh home again to-night  
To spend the Christmas-tide;  
I would the ship were in the bight  
And he here at my side!

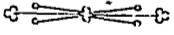
"For oh! shapes terrible as hell  
Fill me with nameless dread!  
The legend weird the fishers tell  
Runs ever in my head:

"*Who robbeth the Deep on Christmas night  
Of prey she deems her own,  
Shall perish—'tis the wild Sea's right—  
Ere the twelfth month be flown.*"

Night passed, the leaden morning broke,—  
Strangled by Ocean's hand,  
A group of early-village folk  
Found him upon the sand.

A Bit of Holly.

(A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE.)



DANIEL V. CASEY, '95.



E was not ragged enough to be picturesque. His rough box-coat was, as yet, only threadbare, and the strip of linen which showed beneath its turned-up collar was almost clean. You would have put Mark Austin down at once as a gentleman—his manner would have made that clear—and a second glance would have told you that he was wretchedly poor. His face was prematurely old; the lines about his mouth were deeper than

his years warranted, and his complexion was unhealthy—olive, without a tinge of color. His trousers were beginning to fray at the bottoms, and the reminiscent, half-apologetic crease down each leg was all that saved them from utter shabbiness.

It had been snowing since early morning—not the crisp, honest crystals of real winter weather, whose stinging touch sends a thrill of mad delight through every nerve, but huge, sodden, shapeless flakes that fell straight downwards from a leaden sky, to melt as they touched the mud and stones beneath. The slush had formed into little puddles on the uneven pavements, and Mark shivered and drew back as he stepped into one of these. His worn patent leathers, cracked in half a dozen places, were no protection against the icy water; but the shock and his wet feet brought him to his senses, and to the realization that this was Fifth Avenue on the evening before Christmas.

He stamped his feet upon the pavement to rid them of the water, and stood, listening, as a clock somewhere in the distance struck seven times. Then he went on, past the rows of silent houses, with their lighted windows and drawn curtains which only half hid the beauty behind them, walking to keep warm, to drive thought away. He stopped, for a moment, in the glow of soft light that made the pavement before the Brunswick seem a little less cheerless than the semi-darkness all around, and his hungry eyes took in every detail of the dining-room, the sheen of the silken curtains, the soft smoothness of the snowy cloths, the rich, simple beauty of all the appointments.

Two vendors, one a young girl not more than nineteen, were selling holly and mistletoe near the corner. A carriage drove swiftly up to the curb, the footman leaped from the box, and opened the door for his mistress. As she stepped out upon the muddy pavement Mark caught his breath for very wonder at her beauty. She walked quickly forward to the young holly vendor. Mark caught the words, "It is real English holly, madam," and saw her place a bill in the girl's hand, who surrendered her whole stock of green leaves and red berries with a smile of pleasure. Back to her carriage the young woman hurried, her arms filled with the holly boughs, a glad light in her eyes. The footman was awkward, his mistress was too hasty, and Mark, who had not moved since the carriage dashed up, sprang forward just in time to catch the holly as it fell from her arms. She glanced curiously at him as he

restored the gleaming mass to her, murmured something about her carelessness and his kindness and entered the carriage. Then she leaned forward, shook one of the boughs free from its fellows and gave it to Mark with a friendly smile and a kindly "A merry Christmas, and thank you, again." The footman closed the door, mounted to his place beside the coachman, and the carriage whirled away into the gloom of the upper avenue. Mark watched it alternately appear and disappear, as it rolled into the circle of light surrounding each street lamp, and plunged again into the darkness beyond.

"A merry Christmas!" Her gentle, low-voiced words rang in his ears. "A merry Christmas!"—Mark smiled, but his face was not good to see. The lines about his mouth deepened and drew tighter, and a scornful, ugly light came into his sunken eyes. How he hated himself and his weakness,—the whole world and the drink that had dragged him down! His face was drawn and tense with suffering—pain keener and more exquisite than any bodily torment; for the soul of the man had awakened from its torpor and he saw himself in his true light. Hardened and wicked as he was, Mark shuddered at the thought of his wasted life, his wild, headlong progress down the road whose goal is death. He flung the holly from him with an oath, but snatched it up again and shook the muddy water from its shining, broad, green leaves.

Maddened by the memories that thronged his brain, he turned and walked swiftly up the Avenue. Central Park was not far away, barely a half-hour's walk, and then—he caught his breath sharply—the lake, one plunge, and peace and forgetfulness forever. Forever?—he smiled at the thought. Mark was a Catholic, or had been one in his happier days, and he knew what awaited the self-murderer in the life beyond, but he did not hesitate. Anything to escape from the ghosts of his wasted years!

He hurried onward, splashing through the slush and the mud of the crossings, eager to end it all, yet dreading the last, the supreme moment. Twice, when the crowds on the pavement made him slacken his pace, he sprang from the curbstone and struggled forward, dodging the swiftly-moving carriages with which the street was filled. Why not end it here? he asked himself. It would be so easy, a step in the wrong direction, a cry of warning from the driver, and the crunching of bones as the iron-shod hoofs beat the life out of his body. He was almost tempted to try it; but he dreaded

too much the after-scene—the curious, eager crowd, the tardy policeman, the quick, sharp clang of the gong as the ambulance rattles up, the ostentatious briskness of the surgeon, the hasty examination and ready decision and, then—the hospital or the morgue. No, he would not—better the silent park, the icy water, the first, frantic struggle, nature's last protest, and after that—oblivion.

But memory was not idle; singly and in pairs, the scenes of his later life flashed upon him—pictures full of shadows and indistinct outlines, vague and terrible. He thought of that other Christmas Eve, five years before, the starting-point of his wild race downward, the night he had broken with his promised wife. She had holly in her hair, he remembered, as he crushed the bough into his coat pocket, and the scarlet berries gleamed bright and the soft light of the candles lent a new lustre to the rich darkness of the leaves. She had never before looked so beautiful, he thought, but they had quarrelled—about what he could never afterwards recall,—and he had gone away in anger, a tiny ring in his hand, a savage pain at his heart. He was too proud to write or try to see her again, and before the week had ended he had resigned his position in her uncle's bank and left Seabrook to try his fortune in New York.

After his first year in the "Tenderloin," he was only another derelict on the sea of life. Without ambition, without a motive to spur him on, he had watched, with something like a dull satisfaction, his steady retrogression, his gradual loss of self-respect. It was all her doing, he told himself; she was responsible for his ruin. Sometimes his manhood would assert itself; there would be a fierce battle against temptation, but the impulse was always spasmodic, his defeat certain. Then, he began to drink, not by degrees, but madly, from the first; and now—Mark cursed the girl who had given him the holly, the cause of his remorse.

There was a reception at the Union League Club, and the usual crowd of curious onlookers filled the sidewalk from stoop to curb. Mark elbowed his way savagely through the crush, in spite of muttered threats and open disapproval, and hurried on. There were fewer people in the avenue, now, but in the side streets the ebb and flow of humanity was constant. A momentary blockade at 42d Street, made it impossible for Mark to cross, and he waited impatiently for the line of carriages to melt away. Just in front of him a little faded

woman, in a thin gray shawl and cheap print dress, was gazing wistfully at the stock-in-trade of one of the inevitable holly merchants,—this time a huge German, with a voice like a bull. "Id vos two bunches for two bits—a kvarther," he told her when she mustered courage enough to ask him the price; but she shook her head sadly, and her shoulders took on a more dejected droop. Mark noted the little figure, and when all was clear ahead, he helped her across to the other pavement. "Thank you," she said, as he handed her basket over to her, "and—a merry Christmas." Mark had forgotten his holly bough when he shoved it into his pocket, but her words recalled it, and he brought it out, echoing her words, "A merry Christmas." It was twisted and broken, and some of the berries were missing, but it was holly, still, and she took it with a little cry of joy. There were tears in her weary, deep-ringed eyes as she thanked him, and Mark felt that no one but a scoundrel could have treated the holly as he had done. "I would not deprive you," she began, regretfully, but Mark was already gone. "God bless you," she whispered gently to herself as she lost him in the crowd.

"Poor little woman," Mark muttered, half in apology to the brute within him, "she was worn to a shadow and that shawl was thin as cheese-cloth." He almost forgot his own misery, thinking what *her* life must be—days of unending drudgery, of hopeless toil. He wandered on, now quickening his pace as a dark chapter of his career rose before him, now slackening it again as a tender mood came over him. And of all the people whom he passed, not one dreamed of the terrible struggle going on beneath his threadbare coat—a battle between Heaven and Hell.

During a momentary lull in the street, Mark fancied he heard the soft, low breathing of an organ in the distance. As he moved on, the volume of sound increased, and he was almost sure he knew the music. Then a clear, full tenor took up the strain, and Mark shivered as he caught the words of the hymn—the thrilling, grand, divinely sweet, "Adeste Fideles"—the Christmas song of centuries. Directly ahead a broad band of subdued light flooded the gray stones of the pavement, and looking up, Mark recognized the lofty spires and shadowy doorway of the Cathedral. He started to cross the zone of light, but something in the music held him, and he stood just within the shadow, listening, trembling at the solemn beauty of the song, filled with thoughts that had not come to him

in many days. And the glorious hymn went on, the singer not knowing that a soul hung in the balance, thinking only that this was the last rehearsal before the morning.

While the final "Venite" was yet ringing through the vast, dimly-lighted vault, Mark passed through the open portals, knelt in the last pew on the right, and bowed down before the God whom he had so long forgotten.

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#### A Primitive Wooing.

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ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95.

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**I**T was the day before Christmas, in the early thirties, and Fort Means, in southern Ohio, was in holiday dress. In front of the fort, which was built near the middle of the town, were assembled nearly all the men of the neighborhood. Dressed in the early colonial costume, high top boots, and trousers and waistcoat of buckskin, each of them had hanging about his neck two leather pouches which were used for carrying ammunition. Resting against the old log building, and surrounded by a band of curious and meddlesome youths, was a row of rifles of all shapes and sizes. The men stood around in small groups, talking on various subjects, and their number was constantly increased by the arrival of new-comers. The annual shooting match, which had been looked forward to for many weeks, was to occur, and here was the place of meeting before leaving for the grounds.

From the drift of the general talk it seemed that there was more than the usual amount of interest manifested in this season's meeting. Every one knew that both Endicott Wilson and Paul Andrews had, for a long time, been paying much attention to a certain young lady,—the daughter of one of the early settlers. For almost a year this unhappy rivalry had occasioned much uneasiness; for both of the young men were passionate, and there were no better marksmen in the neighborhood. Wilson was a general favorite in the community, and it seemed strange to most people, especially to Rose Meredith's own friends, that she did not discourage the attentions of her other admirer. But Wilson himself viewed things in their true light, and in the district school-teacher saw one whose rivalry was not to be

lightly considered. Paul Andrews also fully comprehended his position. He knew that public opinion was not in his favor. Still he did not think that amounted to much, and resolved to become the successful wooer.

The sentiments of Rose herself were known to no one. She smiled on both impartially, and each, of course, thought that he was the favored man. Often, at social gatherings, the names of the two were purposely discussed by her friends in order to induce her to express an opinion about them, but all to no avail. She at once became perfectly silent, and remained thus until the subject of conversation was turned to something else. As to the rivals themselves, neither had the courage to go beyond the bounds of ordinary conversation; for they feared that anything but a direct "yes," would forever blast their hopes.

Things had been going on in this way for quite a while, when Endicott Wilson made up his mind that some definite step ought to be taken. It was generally conceded that with the rifle he was the better marksman of the two. So, to settle the whole affair favorably, one of his friends suggested that it be decided by this means at the next annual "shoot," which was not far off. The suggestion was considered an excellent one, and at once the proposition was sent to Andrews to find out whether he would agree to it. Andrews knew that he was not so good a shot as Wilson; but after much deliberation replied that he would accept the challenge, if he be allowed to draw up the terms of the match. This demand was granted without hesitation, and Wilson and his friends congratulated themselves that it was only a question of time until the troublesome schoolmaster would no longer annoy them.

The manner of conducting these matches was, indeed, something out of the ordinary. Instead of shooting at a target and awarding the premium to him who came nearest the centre, a new and quite original plan had been introduced. As it was near Christmas time, turkeys were very appropriately offered as prizes. The master of the match had on hand a plentiful supply of these fowls, and they fulfilled the twofold office of target and spoil. They were placed, one at a time, behind a tree or large rock with nothing but the head in view, and the consideration for a single shot varied directly as the size of the turkey and inversely as the range. As trophies, one received all that he killed.

The only departure from this mode that the schoolmaster demanded was very unimportant. Instead of shooting at a turkey belonging to some one else they were to buy one from the keeper. This provision was laughed at by Andrews' enemies who alleged that it was an economic measure, declaring that he could not take a prize in any number of trials. The question of first shot was to be decided by lot, and he who lost the turkey was to break off from all acquaintance and friendship with Rose Meredith.

By ten o'clock, which was the time fixed upon for leaving for the scene of the contests, a great crowd had assembled at the fort. Wilson was present and seemed to be the happiest of all. In fact, there was a rumor among his friends that he was over-confident of success, and they feared that this might defeat him. Andrews was not to be seen. Some of Wilson's supporters were very unfriendly towards him, so he, with a few friends, had determined to walk down to the grounds by themselves.

It took Wilson and his friends about half an hour to come to the Old Camp grounds, and when they arrived many people were already there. These afterwards turned out to be the friends of Andrews. A fire had been built, the range had been measured off, and everything was ready for the various matches. Andrews had not yet arrived. The sharp reports of rifles were soon heard, and occasionally a lucky fellow might be seen with his Christmas dinner assured. The event of the day was to be the match between Wilson and Andrews, and many people had come solely for the purpose of witnessing this; consequently, everything else seemed stupid.

When at length the schoolmaster arrived, a shout went up from the whole grounds. At once all shooting ceased, and the respective friends of the two began to make ready for the great trial of marksmanship. When everything had been prepared, it was decided by lot that Wilson should have the first shot. It was left to his choice whether he would shoot from a seventy-five yard line without rest for his rifle, or from a hundred and twenty-five yard line with rest. He preferred the former. A smile of confidence covered his face as he took his position. He drew up his rifle, fired, but the turkey was uninjured. With a look of surprise he dropped the rifle to the ground, walked off to one side and sat down.

When the course of the bullet had been

determined, the cause of his over-confidence was soon found out. It had passed through the outer edge of the tree, horizontally to the turkey's head, but above its body. The tree was a buckeye, whose wood is somewhat spongy, and by using a heavy charge of powder, he had attempted to shoot the turkey through the body. But unhappily he had miscalculated its location. The judges said that the means taken by Wilson could not be objected to, for they were not contrary to the terms of the agreement. But to prevent another attempt they decided to limit the charge of powder.

It was now Andrews' trial. He had seen the means that his opponent had attempted to take, and decided that an equal privilege was allowed to himself. He picked up a large, old-fashioned broad-ax, that had been used in cutting up the wood for the fire, and carried it to the base of the tree. This he stood in front of the turkey, with its handle pointing upwards and its blade inclined at an angle of about sixty degrees to the line of sight. Everyone noticed the peculiar arrangement, but no one seemed to attach any importance to it.

Andrews chose the hundred and twenty-five yard range. He lay down upon his stomach, rested his rifle on a cross-piece, aimed deliberately, and fired. There was a wild commotion behind the tree, but when the judges ran up, the turkey was dead, with a bullet through its body. The little schoolmaster had heard of a law of Physics which states that the angle of deflection is equal to the angle of incidence, and in this case had given a practical proof of its truth. He had experimented for about a week, and found the allowance that must be made for the softness of lead, and so forth, and the result was that the deflected bullet passed through the breast of the target. Anyone can guess the sequel. Paul Andrews' Christmas dinner was eaten at the home of the Merediths. And before winter had changed to spring and spring to summer, Rose and he were man and wife.

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#### How it Happened.

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The "Lengthies" were strong,  
But the "Shorties" were stronger,  
And their plays were not wrong;  
The "Lengthies" were strong.  
The "Shorties" were long,  
But the "Lengthies" were longer.  
The "Lengthies" were strong,  
But the "Shorties" were stronger.

W. P. B.

## Eight Sonnets on Gregori's "Nativity."

**T**HE VIRGIN MOTHER scarcely dares to raise  
The curtain from the precious Child below.  
She sees about Him the celestial glow;  
She hears the angels singing loud in praise  
Of Him, Creator; all the thorny ways  
Which He will tread—the anguish He will know—  
Are plain before her. From His side will flow  
Blood, from these hands that clasp within His rays.  
This is her fear:—she sees the rustic looks  
Of these plain shepherds, simple, earnest, awed;  
And yet she knows their race will crucify  
The God they reverence; they draw near their crooks  
Forgotten quite, as they His beauty laud.  
She knows; she sighs: "Not these, O God, on high!"

J. S.

**O**N wretched straw the Infant Saviour lies;  
Through all the cave His sacred Body sends  
A light divine. The holy Mother bends  
Above the crib and with her mantle tries  
To shield her God, arrayed in human guise;  
For anxious doubts her happy bosom rends,  
She knows not what her causeless fear portends,  
While Joseph gazes on with awe-struck eyes.  
O Mother, blest above all earthly kind,  
Yet suffering more than human tongue can tell,  
No bitterness like yours upon earth's sod,  
Nor sorrow like to yours on earth we find.  
You, who have saved our souls from depths of hell,  
Teach us to love your Son, our Christ and God.

A. W. S.

**L**Ife-like appears the image of the Child,  
And round Him, till illumined by His rays,  
All things were gloomy on the Day of days  
In that cold, wind-swept stable. Scorned, reviled  
He stood in later time. Men's passions wild  
Would suffer on restraint; for them He died;  
Yet, they unmindful, have His Name belied,  
And near His bleeding image sinned and smiled.  
From Him, through ages, comes the light that shines,  
Though all the world be dark; His love's a star  
That leads us, like the shepherds, to His side.  
The heart His love has lightened, longs and pines  
For something more than human; it, afar,  
Sees the bright home where mankind may abide.

P. B. W.

**B**E SIDE her Child and God the Virgin stands;  
Her face betrays the agony she feels,  
The secret that her inmost heart conceals,  
When she receives those men from distant lands,  
That race, which, years to come, those precious hands  
Will pierce with nails; to her this day reveals  
No joy, and though the heaven's wide arch peals  
With praise, the future all her mind demands.  
Poor human speech is powerless to express  
The depth of love that in His Heart deep glows  
For us, for whom a tender little Child  
He deigned to be; nor how that fond caress,  
Which Mary on her Infant doth bestow,  
Trembles with fear and sorrow undefined.

R. S. S.

**T**HE little group in silence gather near  
Our Infant Saviour in that humble place.  
No voices break the quiet; in each face  
Heart speaks from heart. She, with a holy fear,  
Unveils her Son, and all with gladness peer  
Into His eyes. The shepherds of the race,  
Whose spear will pierce His side betray no trace  
Of hatred; but to Her all doth appear.  
She knows that He was sent to save mankind;  
And far into His life, with eyes of love,  
She sees dark Calvary, yet must submit.  
Ah! what great sacrifice here do we find;  
If She could only raise her Son above  
The woe and pain that with His life are knit!

F. W. E.

**A**LONELY cave! But what does it contain?  
The God made Man, who on the Christmas Eve  
Came to redeem mankind. Can we believe  
That God to such a wretched place would deign  
To come? He does not flinch from all this pain  
In simple love for them who do deceive,  
And think not of the good which they receive,  
But strive to make His sacrifice in vain.  
Of patience and of love behold the King,  
Of power and might and awful mystery,  
And yet a child, soft in His Mother's care;  
Light of the world! In heaven His praises ring;  
On earth the Light of Christian history;  
The mighty God who cometh at our prayer!

J. W. L.

**A**LL, all, is dark within the stable there,  
Where God, the Christ and our Consoler, lies,  
While to his bed the faithful shepherd hies  
With others of his kind, there to declare  
His rustic reverence. No treasures rare,  
These shepherds bring, no gem that vies  
With sun, no turquoise like the skies,  
No ruby, red as blood, no opal fair.  
Before the Child the awe-struck shepherds bow;  
A star has led them to the manger low.  
With silent prayer they raise their hearts in dread  
And worship there the King of kings, whom now  
They see all wrapped in swaddling clothes, and know  
That He the way of poverty will tread.

G. F. P.

**T**HE chill of winter filled the gloomy night;  
The clouded sky frowned dark with aspect dread  
On that weak Child that scarce could raise His head;  
And yet the stars, that hid themselves from sight,  
Were His creation. All the power and might  
Man's mind conceived, before Him fade as mist,  
When by the morning's dazzling sunbeams kissed,  
Spreads seaward its wide wings in silent flight.  
The heart that once has felt His tender love,  
True joy has known, and seeks no more to roam;  
But sighs for quiet on that tender breast—  
Where burdens are relieved—like some tired dove  
That flies through desert lands in search of home,  
And finding, folds its weary wings in rest.

W. P. B.

## A Slight Misunderstanding.

FRANCIS W. DAVIS, '95.



DWIN MORTON was leading an ideal bachelor's life; the traces of a woman's hand were apparent in his comfortable apartments, in the cozy arrangement of the draperies, in the thousand and one things which she, only, can do to add to its comfort. He prided himself on his ruddy complexion, on the magnificent physique which he was wont to develop on Tuesday afternoons in the "gym" down town. The one thing which turned a soft look over the handsome face was a certain memory of his father whom everybody in the "Street" knew familiarly as "Bob." Withal, Edwin was looked on as a very promising young man by many mothers of budding maidens. He had lived over the unfortunate occurrence which three years before had estranged him from his father, and many times lately had that old gentleman been seen to enter Morton's quarters and afterwards come out with a cheery smile.

It had been a sad blow to Edwin when his only sister Josephine married, and for the past three years the gloom in the old Morton homestead was very noticeable. The old man's heart was wrapped up in the daughter, and her marriage at a time when the young Morton's discretion had been found wanting, gave him a deep wound. Added to this was the fact of her being in poor health and even an invalid at times. Her husband, James Lyndhurst, of the firm of Bower and Lyndhurst, Attorneys, was a rising young lawyer of whom the older men at the club often remarked: "He is bound to be at the top."

Time wore on, and one day late in November, Edwin received a note from his sister, saying that she was going away for the winter, and would like to see him before she went. When he arrived at the home of the Lyndhursts, she met him at the door. "I was so afraid that I should not see you, as we intend to start for Mexico to-night. You, no doubt, will remember Señor Columbo, who entertained papa several years ago. Well, they will meet us."

After a short talk with his sister, Morton accompanied her to the station, where he bade her good-bye not, however, before she had told him that she had heard her father mention

that Señor Columbo had an only child, Muria, who was very young when he visited Mexico and for whom he had acquired a great liking.

The elder Morton for the first time showed signs of failing health, and nothing it seemed could stem the tide. Day by day he grew weaker, and Edwin was, for days at a time, at his old home. The daughter, Josephine, was kept in ignorance of her father's now serious condition, till it was too late for her to come. The last spark finally went out, and as Edwin sat by his father's bedside, every thought of his own actions in the past came to him. As he held the withered old hand, he knew that his father had died while trying to tell him something, which to the old man seemed very important. In a few days Edwin gave up his cozy quarters and went to live with his mother.

It was on a bright January morning, about a week after the funeral, that the carrier brought a letter from Josephine, which contained a note to Edwin, saying, among other things, "We have met many very pleasant people here, and not one of them more interesting than Maria Columbo, who is a very agreeable companion, and whom you would like very much. Maria seems to be very much interested when the conversation turns to yourself, and would be pleased to know you. I think there will be many points of mutual sympathy between you, and I hope the day will not be distant ere you meet."

In due time Robert Morton's will was opened, and the thoughts which Edwin had entertained for some time were at last realized. His father had threatened at times to disinherit him, if he did not change his way of living. Now came a catastrophe. The bulk of the property was left to the widow, while equal sums were set off for the daughter and the son. The use of the latter's portion was restricted. The sum of five hundred thousand dollars was to go to him on this condition—"that he marry Maria Columbo within one year from the opening of the will." If he did not do so he was to receive only the interest on said sum, which at his death was to go to his heirs.

Here was a predicament. All the joys of bachelorhood suddenly loomed up before Edwin at the mere thought of leaving his pleasant quarters, and being united with any woman, let alone one of Mexican extraction, with visions of granulated food and malted milk! Still the trouble must be met, and it was with strong language and no pleasant thoughts that he boarded the train for the city of Mexico.

Mrs. Lyndhurst was not aware of the conditions of her father's will, and it was with no little anxiety that she met Edwin at the station. As soon as possible he told her of the circumstances which brought him on such a journey. She was very much amused, it seemed to Edwin, over something which to him was so vitally important and serious. The carriage soon drew up before a palatial residence, and with many misgivings the young bachelor ascended the steps to meet the members of the family and particularly Maria. After Edwin had met nearly all the family, a door leading to another room opened, and a well-proportioned young Mexican entered. Mrs. Lyndhurst broke in: "I am sure, Edwin, you will be pleased to meet Maria, whom I have mentioned to you in my letters."

It was rather difficult for Mrs. Lyndhurst to explain to them all why her brother had made such an unexpected trip, and why he, on the following day, had departed for New York and home, there to regale himself with the sweet pleasures of a life-long bachelorhood.

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#### To My Football Suit.

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Farewells I've spoken  
And fond ties broken,  
But, by this token,  
    O canvas mine,  
My best endeavor  
Is vain to sever,  
I find, for ever,  
    This bond of thine!

Oft have I worn thee,  
Long would I mourn thee  
If fate had torn thee  
    And me apart,  
Though stains deface thee  
They do but grace thee,  
Naught can replace thee  
    In my fond heart.

Thy seams are ragged,  
Thy edges jagged,  
Thy knees all bagged,  
    Thy rents, a score;  
But thou art dearer,  
Thy beauties clearer,  
My love sincerer,  
    Than e'er before.

Thou'rt rather muddy,  
A trifle bloody,  
Thou'rt quite a study,  
    In gray and red;  
But gold can't buy thee,  
Or ragman eye thee,  
Or soap come nigh thee,  
    Till love is dead.

D. V. C.

Two Christmas Eves.

HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95.



RAILROADS are unknown in many portions of the "Lone Star" State, while in other parts their introduction dates back but a few years. Two decades ago, the vast district of the southwest, devoted entirely to cattle and sheep-raising, knew not the locomotive or the cattle car. Its broad bosom, covered by oceans of grass and scattered herds, was free from the bands of burnished steel which to-day cover it as a piece of net-work—the meshes large, indeed, but continually narrowing.

Conveniences for shipping cattle to market were few even for the larger stock-raisers and entirely beyond the reach of those who raised cattle on a moderate scale. The latter were dependent on their richer neighbors for the disposal of their stock. Kansas City was then the great cattle market for Texas, as Chicago is to-day. But the means of getting the cattle off to the market were far from being what they are now, and it involved trips measured, not by days, but by months—months, during which the herders never slept beneath a roof; months of cold, biting weather; months of adventure and accident. The method of proceeding was simple. In early fall the herds were collected; the branding was done, and some one wealthy stockman, purchasing all the cattle of which his poorer neighbors desired to dispose, thus formed a large herd of thousands of heads of steers and cows. These, guarded by a force of cowboys, were driven up through Texas and the Indian Territory towards Kansas City. The Territory was reached before winter set in, and the cattle were pastured on the rich Indian lands, till the next spring, when sleek, and fat, they were driven on to their destination.

The imaginary road running through Texas and the Territory up to Kansas City was commonly called "The Trail," and many are the tales related by old "cow-punchers" of the dangers and pleasures of a trip up the "Trail"; of startling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Usually one or two such trips would be sufficient for an ordinary man, and most commonly one would suffice.

But Tom Daly was no ordinary man, in this respect at least. He was a typical Texan. He stood six feet one in his stockings, with broad shoulders, a giant in strength and power of endurance. His shaggy hair gave no evidence of ever having seen a comb, whilst his sun-burned moustache drooped over, and half hid, his tobacco-stained lips. His nose was long and pointed, and showed the effects of too much sunshine—possibly moonshine also. But years of exposure had sharpened his eyes, which shone—two dark grey orbs—in a dusky sky.

He had no home or relatives, so far as any of us knew; but occasional fits of melancholy, in which his face would soften, and unbidden tears steal down his cheeks, made me think that this hard, sun-browned man had once known a loving wife or fair sweetheart. But my thoughts never went farther than this.

Every fall he hired out to some rancher about to send cattle up the "Trail," and every summer returned, his eyes brighter, his face browner and more set, and he himself more reticent, when sober, and more boisterous when drunk. He had never been known to miss a trip up the "Trail," and though I had worked myself into his favor, he never spoke of his early life, but freely related the adventures of his later years.

I made one trip up the "Trail," and on this trip he was my guardian and principal associate. At night, when I sought rest under my horse blanket, with my saddle for a pillow, he was always near. We kept watch together, and many were the tales he poured into my ear, as, sitting on our bronchos, we rode slowly around the herd. His stories were of the land through which we passed, and with which he was well acquainted.

It was December long before we reached the Red River, and Christmas Eve found us camped on its banks, with the cattle herded in a large gap in the timber, a few hundred yards away. That night, though Christmas Eve, was to us the same as any other night. Watches were placed over the herd, and the rest soon retired. My watch came with Tom's at one in the morning. We were aroused in time to catch and saddle our horses, when we relieved those then on duty. The night was calm and the moon shed sufficient light to enable one to see an object a few rods distant. It was on this Christmas Eve that Tom told me a story, which, though he gave his characters other names was, I think, really a chapter of his own life.

He was in one of his old time-moods, but

unusually silent. Ever and anon his gaze was fixed on a black spot on the edge of the woods near the herd ground. As we passed it, I saw that it was but a mass of charred and blackened timber, evidently the remains of some settler's cabin. We had ridden past it several times before Tom spoke, and his voice had a strange ring to it as he told me the history of the house:

"Frank," he said, "I can never pass that place without muttering a curse against the man who made it what it is. Years ago, that desolate spot was covered by as happy a home as ever sun shone upon or man worked for. Sam Willis was an honest and true-hearted Kentuckian, and possessed everything a man could desire. From the day he had led pretty Maggie Donner to the altar, back in old Kentucky, till he met John Lee, his life was one continual burst of sunshine. His was the most loving and dutiful of wives, and to him his children were angels from Heaven. He had been married but a few months, when, packing his scanty household goods in a wagon, he and Maggie set out for Texas. The trip was long and perilous, and it was only by sleepless nights and his trusty rifle that he passed through the Indian lands with safety.

"Many a night did he see two or three dusky shadows creep towards his lonely camp, and many a night, when his rifle sounded, had he answered his wife's frightened question with—'It's nothing but a stray coyote, dear.' But he took good care that she should not see the coyote lest the sight of it shatter her nerves.

"It was early fall when he crossed the Red River and built his cabin where you just now saw its charred timbers. There, three years soon rolled by—years of joy and peace, of quiet broken only by an occasional visit from some stray traveller or a crowd of cowboys.

"It was during their fourth year in Texas that they first tasted of the cup of sorrow. Along in June, little Bessie, their eldest child, whilst playing on the river bank, slipped and fell, and Sam and Maggie felt their first great sorrow. In December, Ralph, their other child was taken sick. He lingered on between life and death for many a day. Christmas Eve came, but it was a sad Christmas that loomed up before the Willis family. Sam was sitting, sad and broken-hearted, beside his dying child; his wife, with unsteady hands, was ironing a white frock that belonged to little Ralph, and here and there its snowy whiteness was marked

by little stains where her tears had fallen.

"They were thus engaged when from the river ford came a cry for help. Snatching up a rope, Sam made for the bank and soon reappeared, leading a wet and hungry stranger whom he had rescued from a watery grave. The stranger was given dry clothes and a warm supper, and quickly recovered from the effects of his chilly bath. His name, he said, was John Lee, and he was bound for San Antonio, where he intended to start in business.

"It was the first man Sam had met for months, and they freely exchanged confidences. Sam showed Lee his little pile of savings, and dwelt on the joys of the return, in the far future, to 'old Kaintuck.' That night, whilst Sam nodded beside his boy, he heard a step and, waking up, turned around, but too late; a heavy stick of wood knocked him senseless to the floor. When he recovered, he felt as if he were being choked, and it was some seconds ere he realized that his house was burning. He called his wife, but got no answer.

"Making his way to her bedside he reeled and grabbed one of the posts to support himself. There lay Maggie, his wife, with her throat cut, and beside her was his dead child. He quickly removed them from the burning house and then thought of the stranger. The muddy road showed fresh tracks leading to the river. He caught a horse and was soon across. He urged his horse into a run, but had not gone far before he heard a whinny. He jumped to the ground, and, with drawn revolver, advanced through the brush.

"In a small clearing he saw Lee, the stranger, sitting on a log, gleefully counting some money in a large handkerchief, which he recognized as his own. Sam buried him in a shallow grave, and above it placed a few large stones.

"Returning to his wrecked home, he buried the bodies of his wife and child as best he could, and above their single grave put a board with their names cut in it. And then he left, and since then, though of friends he has a few, he has neither home nor kindred, and wanders over the country like Cain, the murderer."

When he finished speaking, Tom took a long pull at a little leathered-covered bottle, and with a sigh gulped it down. We were soon relieved, but I slept no more that night; and if Tom slept at all, it was a restless sleep, for he muttered and groaned like one in agony.

Early next morning—Christmas morning—

I rose and went to the black spot on the edge of the woods. I found the grave Tom had mentioned, and, kneeling, traced on the rotten board the letters,

"MAG—E ALY A—H—LD R—LP—"

with the date, 1854. And then I knew that Tom had told me his own story, and that he and Sam Willis were identical; and, I thought of that Christmas morning when he lost all that was dear to him,—all but life and the "will to live."

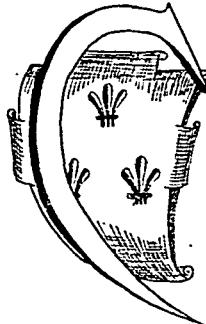
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#### Christmas Hymns in the Magazines.

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JAMES D. BARRY, '97.

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CHRISTMAS, on account of the glorious event which it commemorates, calls forth from the heart of every Christian, sentiments of joyousness and happiness and love. From the day on which the shepherds heard the angels chanting the glad news that Christ was come, down to the present time, there has been a continual song of praise; and every year it is becoming clearer and sweeter and more tender.

One effect of happiness is the very natural impulse to sing. Whether one's voice be tuneful or harsh, the desire to give utterance to the feelings of the heart is ever the same. Christmas, which brings with it the crowning happiness of man, is pre-eminently the season of joy. Then do we, old and young, join for once in a common hymn of praise and welcome to the Divine Babe "who came to make men free."

At Christmas-time every Christian is a poet; every poet is inspired. Music bursts from the most prosaic of us. St. Luke is filled with the grandeur of the subject, when he pictures the Nativity in his Gospel. Speaking of the shepherds, he says:

"And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them; and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear, and the angel said to them: 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.' ... And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will!'"

How simple and sublime these words are,

has been felt by the critics of all ages; and for centuries to come, as long as literature shall continue to be a power in men's lives, Christians and infidels alike must admire them.

The "Adeste Fideles" is the most soul-stirring of all Christian hymns. Throughout the land and beyond the seas, millions of voices ascend to God bearing adoration and praise in the words of that great ode. Wherever heard, it is a gospel; and by its means, St. Paul may well be said to have been surpassed in the conversion of souls. Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" is sublime; it has the deep swell of an organ. Bishop Heber's "Brightest and Best" is a sweet, melodious hymn, well deserving the reputation it has attained. It is too well known to be quoted here. Pope's "Messiah" contains many beautiful lines, having the comfortable characteristic, like all his poems, of being easily quoted. Let me repeat a few, which, though used a thousand times before, have never lost their charm:

"Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
'Prepare the way!—a God, a God appears!  
'A God, a God!' the vocal hills reply;  
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.  
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold;  
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!"

But what is the use of mentioning all these masterpieces? They have no relation to my subject, and only prevent me from getting at the magazines as soon as desirable. Suffice it to say that all the great poets have exercised their best talents, and won much of their fame, by their treatment of this inexhaustible theme.

Looking over the magazines of this and previous years, one cannot fail to be struck with the really beautiful ideas that are woven round the event of the Nativity. Like a fountain that plays in the sunshine, sending up interminable jets, each detached drop glittering like a diamond, is the poetry that celebrates the birth of Christ. Its beauty is the reflection of its Hero; its thought is as pure as the clearest of living waters.

Without wishing to weary the reader with a long and tedious review of all the Christmas hymns that have lately appeared in the magazines, I shall mention a few, which, it seems to me, embody the essence of all the others. George Parsons Lathrop has contributed to the current number of the *Century* a charming poem, entitled "The First Word." After dropping poetical surmises as to the "word" itself, and the time of its delivery, he writes, with contentedness,

"Whate'er the Word, it meant Truth, Peace, and Love  
The heavens bowed down; the earth rose up in joy,  
Transfigured in a glory from above!  
The Virgin-Mother knelt, and kissed her Boy."

In the same magazine, Julia Schayer writes one of the sweetest Christmas hymns that appears this year. It brims over with love, hope and faith. The title of the poem is "Mary: Mother and Prophetess." Mary is represented as bending over the Divine Child, prophesying the tortures and agony He is to suffer. With a heart torn with anguish, the Blessed Virgin yields to the divine will, and is content that things should come to pass as foretold. In her resignation she sings:

"Thou, Son of God, all hail!  
Of millions yet to be  
Staff, sword, and panoply!  
Light that shall never pale!  
Mighty Thy name! Yet now,  
My Child, my Baby, Thou—  
Sleep, Jesu, sleep!"

It is impossible to describe the beauties of this poem, so artistic and pure are the composition and the thought.

The Christmas number of the *Catholic World* contains a poem, entitled "Venite Adoremus," from the pen of John J. O'Shea. Let me quote a few verses from his description of the first Christmas night:

"Night of nights! The angels' singing  
Filled the vaults with paens ringing,  
Cowering fiends their flight took winging  
At the glorious sound."

Marcellus, in "Hamlet," mentions the tradition expressed in the last lines of the stanza:

"And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Let us now go back to the magazines of previous years, and see what we can of the treasures there hidden. Constantia E. Brooks in *Scribner's*, for January, 1877, pictures the impatience, the longing, with which pre-Christian people awaited the Redemption. In "Emmanuel," a poem brilliant with flowers of poesy, she says:

"Out in the depths of the ages,  
Swell the yearning of mortals—  
Pain-burthened chorus of spirits,  
Watching the East for a ray.  
Quickens humanity's heart-blood  
With the expected Redemption,  
Ages to ages traditioned—  
Day!—but how long ere the day!"

The December *Harper's*, for 1882, contains a very beautiful poem, "A Christmas Thought," by A. T. L. The poet describes Christmas as the time

"When the world's woes in one great joy are drowned:  
The summer of the soul is Christmas-time."

In the Christmas *Harper's* for 1865, N. G. Shepherd writes a stirring poem on Christmas. There is a charm in the poem, which causes it to be remembered long after it is read. Philip O'Sullivan, in the same magazine, sings a Christmas anthem. There are no striking thoughts in the poem, but its music is delightful.

Indeed, it is impossible to overrate the good to be derived from reading these Christmas hymns. In thought they are as beautiful as anything that can be found; in conception they are fresh and original, and the music of the lines is often soul-stirring. Every known incident connected with the birth of Christ is elaborated; and strange and beautiful as these incidents were in reality, they are rendered doubly so by the power of the poets' imaginations. These hymns serve, in a great measure, to keep alive the love and peace which Christ came to bring to earth. They make us form a correct estimate of the wonderful Mystery of the Incarnation, and the inestimable good we derive from it. They are the expected accompaniments of Christmas; and the magazine without a hymn at this season is like a garden robbed of its sweetest flower.

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#### Christmas Bells.

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Now in my silent chamber softly stealing,  
Sweet, mellow music melts upon my ear;  
The sounds of distant chimings are revealing  
Glad tidings through the night serenely clear.

To me they seem a rich angelic number,  
A soothing strain on golden lyres played,  
Their charm is like a dream in peaceful slumber;  
A world of joy their harmony has made.

The moon's soft, silvery rays are gently streaming,  
They sleep upon the snowy-mantled ground;  
Effulgent stars from purple skies are gleaming;  
In swelling peals the Christmas chimes resound.

The midnight air is gladdened by their singing,  
While happy beams on fleecy cloudlets play;  
I fancy now I hear the angels singing;  
Within my soul exalted raptures sway.

O precious thought, the bonds of sin are riven,  
Upon Love's altar, Earth and Heaven wed;  
And for their joy, a Child Divine is given,  
The light of mercy on our race is shed.

In manger rude I see the Infant sleeping,  
His holy features kissed by Peace and Love;  
The Virgin blest a mother's watch is keeping,  
Celestial spirits sing His praise above.

Stream on, ye silvery rays, the Saviour's blessing  
Has filled with fair delight the hills and dells;  
There's joy within this heart beyond expressing;  
Ring on in happy strains, sweet Christmas bells!

J. J. R.

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#### Above Earthly Things.

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ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

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#### I.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.



JACQUES LANDEAU, the people said, was an early settler of the village. He was born in sunny France where, living on his small farm, from which every year he gained sufficient to make life comfortable, he felt contented. But fortune turned against him, and, with his wife and child, he came to America to again find a home. Being young and strong all would have been well with him, had not his wife died soon after their arrival.

The child lived and grew strong, but Jacques grew every day more feeble, and his hair soon became snowy white. Marie cared for her father. By her pleasant laugh, she seemed to fill the house with cheerfulness. Yet the old man rarely smiled. His misfortunes had made him silent—"had turned his mind," the neighbors said. Beside the grave of the one for whom he tried to make life happy, he was often found kneeling in prayer. Many times he called Marie to him and asked her:

"Marie, do you still remember your mother?"

"Yes," she answered, "but it was so long ago and I was so young—only a baby,—that I know but little."

"Well, child, she was kind to you, and loved you more than anyone else would have loved you," he said sadly.

"I know that she loved me, father, and I am sure that I have always loved her," Marie replied, reverence in her voice.

"Pray for her, then, Marie; pray for her." And with this, as if thinking of the days when he was far away over the ocean, he would shake his head feebly.

In this simple way, he lived for many years. One day, while dreaming, as usual, of bygone times, Marie said to him gently:

"Father, we shall have no Christmas this year. Our store has dwindled down to almost nothing, so that we have hardly enough to eat. In two weeks, the neighbors will be rejoicing, but we shall be here friendless and alone."

"My child," he replied, "you can feel happy at heart, though all else be dreary."

"Yes, I know, father; but you are becoming so old, that every day seems to make your grey head droop lower. I should like to see you cheerful as the other people are."

"Ah! my dear child," he said, "you do not know how dreary this life has been for me. When I was young, I felt that trouble could not come upon me. And Rosa—that was your mother's name—was so kind, so kind."

"Life has been unhappy for you, and God seems still to send more trouble upon you," replied Marie.

"Never fear, my child, God will make us happy." Then the old man bowed his head in thought.

Marie went about her work. She tried to forget Christmas, but, in spite of herself, the tears came to her eyes. As Jacques' store had gradually diminished, poverty came upon them. The old man was now too feeble to work, and she herself was unable to earn anything. Many times she had wished to be a man, that she could labor for her father. She was uneducated; caring always for her father, she had had little chance of going to school.

## II.—NOEL.

For two days and nights, Marie lived in another world. Her mind was turned toward making Christmas day a happy one. In her thoughts, she pictured the other people, gathered round blazing fireplaces happy and merry, while she and her father would have no comforts, no presents.

When she was a young child, she had learned how to embroider. Why not do it now? Christmas gifts of that sort were sought for by people who loved the beautiful. Yes, she would do it.

The last few cents she had were spent for silk, and she started to carry out her plan. "I must keep it secret from father," she thought, "he will be so surprised." And so she did. Whenever she had time, she would go to her chamber, and spend the hours in stitching. She brightened up, and now, instead of that expression of anxiety, her face became pleasant.

Her father, however, grew more and more silent. He did not go to the lonely grave now. He sat in his chair all day long, gazing out on

the wintry fields. "He will soon be happy," Marie said to herself, when she saw his bent form near the window.

In the evening she would steal away from the house, and go to the stores to sell her handiwork. Often she toiled far into the night. Many little things were prepared; she had bought them with her small earnings. The Christmas feast was ready to be cooked; presents were stored away for her father.

At last the time was near. She would wait until Christmas morning; then she would show him everything. The night never seemed so long, for she slept little, so impatient was she to see the day. It came at last, and she rose early to have everything ready for her father. She waited and waited for him to come.

"I am eager to see him," she said, "I shall go and wake him." As she opened the door, and called out, "Wake up, papa, it is Christmas Day!" But the old man lay quiet. His grey hair was brushed back, showing his wrinkled forehead. His face was pale, almost as white as the snowy pillow. He seemed to sleep.

Marie coming to the bed took his hand. It was stiff and cold. In a moment she realized all; sobbing with grief, she fell upon the lifeless form of her father. God had answered the old man's prayer—he was happy at last.

And Marie? she knew, at least, that he loved her, comprehending her love better than ever, and that she had not worked in vain.

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## Book Notice.

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"LEGENDS OF THE HOLY CHILD." Collected by A. Fowler Lutz, Benziger Brothers.

This little volume is sure to win a place in every well-regulated nursery library. It blends together information of a secular nature and a knowledge of some of the fundamental truths of religion; and, what is of great importance, for the juvenile mind is impatient of all things that savor of erudition it does this in such a way that the child to whom it is read will never dream it is learning anything. As the title suggests, there is also a flavor of devotion about the book; but it is only a flavor—the piety is not violent. Of the different tales told, none will be found uninteresting, while many of them have a special attractiveness. The mere statement that the binding is not in red, that there are no gilt edges, that there is a plentiful lack of "pictures" must surely obtain for these *Legends* a wide-spread popularity.

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—To the Very Reverend President and the Faculty, to the Alumni and the students of the University and to its many friends, the SCHOLASTIC wishes

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS  
NEW YEAR.

—The name of Prof. E. J. Maurus was omitted by mistake, last week, from the Board of Examiners.

—The new cover of the SCHOLASTIC is from the design of our coming artist, Mr. Fox. As a bit of pencraft, it is tasteful in conception and artistic in workmanship—a thing of beauty.

Mr. Vignos is also to be congratulated upon the design which ornaments our first page.

—Class-work will be resumed, Friday, January 4. Parents should see that their children return at the time appointed. We ask the co-operation of the parents, because yearly there are students, who, owing to their tardiness in returning, find it difficult to keep abreast of their class-work. The importance of beginning well is obvious—indeed it is half the battle.

Augustin Daly Honored.

**A**LARGE number of dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, and laymen of that faith and others, met yesterday afternoon in the reception rooms of the archiepiscopal residence at Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street, to witness the presentation of the Lætare Medal of the University of Notre Dame to Augustin Daly, the dramatist and theatrical manager. The presentation was made in the rear reception room. Upon a table lay the medal, flanked by a standard of satin on which the presentation was inscribed; to the right stood Archbishop Corrigan in his official robes; to the left was Mr. Daly; in the rear and at the sides were the clergy and invited guests, who formed a quadrangle around the sides of the room.

Preliminary to the presentation, the Archbishop made an address explaining the meaning of the Medal. He said:

"Before proceeding to the presentation of the Lætare Medal, which the University of Notre Dame sends to our worthy friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. Augustin Daly, you will permit me to recall to your minds the meaning of Lætare Sunday, to which the medal owes its origin. Holy Mother Church, with a mother's fond solicitude, is ever mindful of the weakness of her children; and so, even in the midst of the penitential season of Lent, after we have accomplished half our painful journey, she causes a gleam of sunshine to fall athwart our path, in order to reward our past fidelity, and to encourage us to persevere in our good resolutions until the glory of the Resurrection. This break in the gloom of penitential austerity occurs on the fourth Sunday of Lent, which is known as Lætare Sunday, being so called from the words of the Prophet Isaias, with which the Mass of the day begins: 'Rejoice, O Jerusalem, and be glad, all ye who love her. Exult with joy, all ye who were in sorrow, and be filled with consolation.'

"The allusion is to the joy of the people of Israel when they emerged from the captivity of Babylon and returned once more to the holy city of Zion. For us the spiritual allusion is that, by the Blood of our Saviour, to be shed during Passiontide, we too are to be released from the captivity, not of Babylon, but of sin, and to be made freemen, not of an earthly, but of a heavenly Jerusalem. This was mystically signified, moreover, by a golden rose, or, more properly, a cluster of roses springing from a single twig, which the Sovereign Pontiff was accustomed to bless on this day, and to send as a gift either to some illustrious sanctuary or to some distinguished champion of the faith. In mystical language, the rose designated our Saviour, who, in His human nature, calls Himself the 'Flower of the Field and the Lily of the Valley.' He is designated by the rose, as the rose, particularly in Italy, is taken as the

harbinger of spring, and thereby a symbol of the Resurrection; as the rose, by its beauty, dominates over all other flowers, and by a golden rose, as gold is a symbol of sovereignty, thereby signifying the King of kings and the Lord of lords.

"According to an old ceremonial of the year 1573, which I hold in my hand, the Holy Father, in bestowing the Golden Rose, said: 'Receive from our hands this rose, by which is designated the joy of the earthly and heavenly Jerusalem, namely, the Church, militant and triumphant, by which is manifested to all the faithful of Christ that most beauteous flower, who is the joy and the crown of all saints. Receive this rose, most beloved son, who, according to the world are noble, valiant, and endued with great prowess, that you may be still more ennobled by every virtue from Christ, as a rose planted near the streams of many waters; and may this grace be bestowed upon you in the overflowing clemency of Him who liveth and reigneth, world without end, amen.'

"The origin of this ceremony is almost lost in the night of ages; but it seems certain that it was introduced before the days of Pope Leo IX., who ruled the universal Church from the year 1049 to 1054. From that time a clustre of golden roses, with petals of diamonds, formed with all the exquisite delicacy of the jeweller's art, is solemnly blessed every year, although the offering is not made annually, but only from time to time as a favorable opportunity presents itself. This allusion to the meaning and history of the Golden Rose will sufficiently indicate the purpose of the University of Notre Dame in founding a medal to be bestowed year after year on Lætare Sunday, on some child of the Church who has distinguished himself or herself in literature, art, or science, or by his benefactions to humanity. I have great joy, indeed, that this honor has come during the present year to a resident, not only of this State, but of this city, and not only of this city, but also to a member of this cathedral congregation. I have now the pleasure of introducing the Rev. Andrew Morrissey, Rector of the University of Notre Dame, who will make the address of presentation to Dr. Daly."

Father Morrissey then stepped forward, and read from the satin leaves of the standard as follows:

"MR. DALY:

"The University of Notre Dame offers you the Lætare Medal—the highest honor in its gift—in recognition of your success in restoring the best traditions of truth and art to the theatre. You have never assumed to elevate the stage; but you have been unresting in your work. You have not claimed the title of reformer; you have simply done the duty of the hour: the world sees the result. You have revived for us the great traditions of Blackfriars and the Globe; you have made us sympathetic with

"Love, laughter, sorrow, starry pleasure, pain,  
The blended hopes and motives, all the gain  
Of noble conduct, and the triumph glorious  
Wherewith true hearts may crown our days victorious."

"This token of sympathy and appreciation has been bestowed only on men whose aims are true. It has never been presented to one worthier than yourself. In you Faith and Art unite, and Duty makes the trinity complete. If our theatre return to the ideals of a Christian

civilization; if the drama reach the dignity it had in the time of the great Greeks, and of Molière, and Lope de Vega, the English-speaking world will be your debtor."

The Archbishop then took the medal from its case on the table and pinned it upon Mr. Daly's coat. There was hand-clapping for a moment; then Mr. Daly replied as follows:

"We cannot but feel grateful, no matter how little we have labored for applause, if after the bustle and noise and turmoil are past, friendly voices cry out to us 'Well done!' And we are the more gratified if the judicious discern greater results from our work than we purposed when we were engaged in the duty of the hour. If one lasting result of my efforts shall be an influence on the times which will be transmitted to those who follow us, and lead to a preservation in our country of the highest forms of dramatic art, I shall be amply repaid.

"That you believe that I do contribute in some measure to this end is attested by the honor which you have conferred upon me, and for which, I assure you, I am profoundly grateful—an honor so greatly enhanced by the personal interest which has been taken in it by His Grace, our honored and beloved Archbishop."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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The Football Season.

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By THE FIELD REPORTER.

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WITH the close of the football season of 1894, we can look back with pride and satisfaction at its results and, more, we may feel encouragement and assurance for the future of the sport at Notre Dame. That football has come to stay there can be no doubt. It is pre-eminently the game for college men, and as it progresses, the necessity for the exercise of brain, as well as brawn, becomes more and more evident. The victorious team, now, is not the one exhibiting the greatest amount of avoirdupois, but the one whose men are quickest and show the greatest head-work. The enemies of football are not few; for there are those who cavil at everything in the heavens above, on the earth below, and in the apartments under the earth, to which latter place they usually belong. But let them cavil, if it eases their minds. It is to be noted moreover that these individuals are the ones who know least about the game.

The first real game of Rugby played at Notre Dame was with Ann Arbor in April, 1888. Since then the sport has gone on in a desultory manner, but always with great success for the home team. Indeed, from that time until the last game with Albion, on Thanksgiving, Notre

Dame has never lost a game on the home grounds, where most of them have taken place. Last year much interest was manifested in the gridiron game. But this season, football made one gigantic leap into popularity. Probably the increasing interest all over the country accounts, in a great measure, for this fact. But the engagement of a coach for the first time, together with the energetic and progressive manner in which those connected with the team went to work was much more responsible for this happy state of affairs.

This season we have played more games than ever before, and have met more formidable opponents. The attendance from outside and the interest manifested by the spectators prove that enthusiasm is not confined, by any means, to college students. Taken all in all, the season just closed has been the most interesting and successful in the history of football at Notre Dame.

Every student takes pride in the men of the Varsity Eleven, and we take pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of the team and a short sketch of each player.

#### THE VARSITY ELEVEN, 1894.

EDWARD E. BRENNAN (LAW), '97.

##### *Left End.*

Brennan is 18 years old, weighs 160 pounds and is 5 feet 9 inches in height. He is a new man, as the greater number of this year's team are. For a time he played at quarter-back, but later was placed at left end. Brennan is quick and earnest, and with more experience will make a good player.

GEORGE M. ANSON (LAW), '96.

##### *Left Guard.*

Anson is even a newer man than Brennan at football. A week before the first game with Albion he had never worn canvas. Yet when the event came off he did remarkably well, having, as he did, time to learn only the rudiments of the game. He filled the much-felt need of another guard to supplement Casey's position on the right side. Anson was well coached, and in after games played in excellent form, particularly on the aggressive. He is 19 years of age, weighs 188 pounds and is six feet tall.

ABRAHAM B. CHIDESTER (LAW), '94.

##### *Centre.*

He is, of course, the largest man on the team, weighing 200 pounds and measuring 6 feet 1½ inches. Chidester is one of last year's strong team, and has seen the light of day for twenty-

five years. Abe is familiarly likened to a stone wall, as many centres of visiting teams can attest. Last year he played guard to Flannigan's centre in the early part of the season, but subsequently these positions were reversed. It is to be hoped that Chidester will remain to fill his old place next year.

DANIEL V. CASEY (LIT.), '95.

##### *Right Guard.*

Casey was an invaluable acquisition to the eleven this year, and no one worked more thoroughly or earnestly for its success than he. He was always to be relied upon, and when given the ball to buck the centre, a substantial gain was sure to follow. His work in the Wabash game was particularly good, his gains amounting, in the aggregate, to more than 300 yards. Casey is also a new man, but the fact would be hard to discern by watching his play. Although his opponents were generally much heavier men, he always succeeded in getting the best of them. He is 20 years of age and measures 5 feet 11½ inches. His weight is 165 pounds.

J. SIDNEY CORBY (ELECT. ENG.), '97.

##### *Right Tackle.*

Corby is a very strong player in every way. He is quick and watchful, and always manages to be at the right place. He has had some experience also, having played tackle on the Armour Institute eleven of Chicago last year. Owing to circumstances he has occupied a number of places in the line-up this season—end, right half-back and left and right tackle. His age is 19 years, his weight 165 pounds and his height 5 feet 10 inches.

CHARLES W. ZEITLER (LAW), '97.

##### *Right End.*

Zeitler, our trusty end, is 22 years old, weighs 163 pounds and is 5 feet 9 inches in height. Last year he played quarter-back on the team, and did it well; but he has found his right place at end. He is a good man, and a player must have good interference to pass Zeitler successfully. He is as quick as the proverbial cat, and never misses an opportunity. His work has been highly complimented by visiting coaches.

NICHOLAS S. DINKEL (SCIENTIFIC), '95.

##### *Quarter-Back.*

Dinkel is a good all-around man on the gridiron field. This is the third year he has been on the Varsity, and whenever he chose to exert himself his work was splendid. He is absolutely fearless, and when he seizes an

opportunity he always makes the most of it. He shines particularly in interference, and has piloted many men to a touch-down. Dinkel weighs 170 pounds and measures 5 feet 11½ inches.

CLARENCE A. CORRY (SCIENTIFIC), '97.

*Left Half-Back.*

Corry is another new man; but it is safe to say that he is no longer new. His strength lies in his quickness and the absolute fearlessness with which he plays. He is quick to see an opportunity and equally quick to seize it. When the ball is fumbled near him it is pretty sure to be found clasped lovingly in his arms. Corry owns to 19 years and weighs 160 pounds. His height is 5 feet 8 inches.

FRANCIS M. KEOUGH (CAPTAIN), C. E., '94.

*Right Half Back.*

Capt. Keough is another man who did excellent work on last year's team in the same position which he has occupied this season. He deserves great praise, not only for his work on the field, but also for the efficiency with which he discharged his duties as captain. He is somewhat light, but that defect is balanced by his dash and wiriness. Keough is 20 years of age, weighs 138 pounds and measures 5 feet 8 inches—"Little—but, oh my!"

JOHN J. DEMPSEY (C. E.) '95.

*Full-Back.*

Dempsey's play, as has been remarked, shows what a man can do when given a chance. He has done good work behind the line in tackling, bucking and kicking. Jack was born with a talent for kicking, and seemingly intends to fulfil his destiny. His play all-around was good. Dempsey boasts 18 years of mundane existence and weighs 160 pounds; his height is 5 feet 11½ inches.

JACOB ROSENTHAL (BIOLOGICAL), '97.

*Left Tackle.*

Rosy, as he is familiarly known, is 19 years of age, weighs 226 pounds and stretches the tape line to 5 feet 11 inches. He did not have many opportunities to show himself on the field, but if enthusiasm and hard work count for anything, he is a good man. Last year Rosy was right guard on the Ann Arbor Freshman team—the champion class eleven of the college.

JAMES L. D. MORRISON.

*Coach.*

The success of Notre Dame's Eleven was, in a great measure, due to the efforts of Mr.

Morrison, our efficient coach. He came from Ann Arbor, where he played left tackle last year, and he has amply justified the reputation which preceded him. His presence was always an incentive to hard and steady work at practice, and his coaching in signals and strategic plays wonderfully improved the team. Mr. Morrison, personally, is a charming fellow, and he will always be welcome at Notre Dame.

#### THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

It would be an injustice not to mention the work of the Executive Committee, composed of Messrs. Daniel P. Murphy, Daniel V. Casey, Richard Halligan, Edme V. Chassaing and Thomas D. Mott, Jr.; the latter also acted as manager of the team. The work of these gentlemen was arduous and often thankless; but they never swerved from their task, and eventually came out with flying colors.

J. A. M.

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#### Exchanges.

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Christmas, with its pleasures and happiness, is again at our doors. Its rapid approach already thrills us with joy, so that it is difficult, indeed, to restrain our Bedouin fancy from wandering into fields where naught grows but the holly and the mistletoe. But this column is not the place to sing the praises of Yule-tide. Since, then, we may not indulge our fancy, we shall content ourselves by wishing all our *confrères* a pleasant vacation.

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Should Agnes Repplier happen upon the last issue of the *The Dial*, her doubts as to what a pastel really is, might be dispelled. For under the caption, "Nearing the End," there is a miniature word-painting which, both in conception and in handling, presents a fine specimen of that dubious literary oddity. The young artist of this picture in prose may be numbered among the impressionists. His effects are secured entirely by short, quick dashes of color. "What Might Have Been," the conclusion of "One of Claude Lightfoot's Birthdays," and the general excellence of the verse, give ample promise that the forty-page holiday number will be of unusual merit.

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In the *Albert College Times* we find the following:—"There is one young man in our college, who is possessed of considerable

wealth, we are told, and who refuses to join any of our societies because of the fee; nor has he subscribed for our paper for the same reason. We fear our young friend has set up gold as his object in life, and if he continue his course will, doubtless, become a miser. Boys, how would bouncing suit him?"

On reading the above, several questions occurred to our mind. Is the editor publishing this personal invective really above the young man whom he affects to despise? Does not his action show that he, too, is after the filthy lucre? As to making a failure to subscribe to the college paper a matter of expulsion, that is a phase of student government very *fin de siècle*. The college paper whose last issue was published in eighteen forty-nine should preserve a discreet silence in such matters.

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#### Personals.

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—Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind., accompanied by Mr. David White, Prescott, Canada, made a short call on friends at the University.

—John M. Manley, a Law graduate '91, is enjoying quite an extensive law practice at Sioux City, Iowa. John is still kindly remembered by many of his old friends here.

—The following Reverend clergy were among the visitors at the University last week: Rev. L. Brancheau, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. A. Dooling, Dearborn, Mich.; Rev. E. McLaughlin, Niles, Mich.; Very Rev. F. A. O'Brien and Rev. E. Rivard, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. P. F. May, Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. M. Stack, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. M. J. Byrne, Whiting, Ind., Rev. R. Sadlier, Battle Creek, Mich.

—Mr. Mage Sanford, who was a student here for several years in the beginning of the 90's, is now at New Castle, Kentucky, trying to recuperate his strength. He left Notre Dame in the latter part of his Junior year in the engineering course, a short time after the death of his mother. While at the University he developed a talent for elocution; in fact, winning the medal in that branch against very competent and trained pupils. Upon his arrival in Kentucky he decided to study for the stage, and with that view spent two years in New York perfecting himself. Mr. Sanford secured a position in the Alabama company in which he was achieving much distinction when his health gave way, and he had to retire from the stage. He is a young man of unusual ability, and it is a source of much regret to his many friends that illness rendered him unable to pursue his calling.

#### Local Items.

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—There is some talk of organizing a mid-winter football team.

—Willie says that silence is golden, but *Golden* is not silence!

—The "Judge" intends visiting the sunny South during the holidays.

—We are glad to note that Bro. Bernard has almost recovered from his injuries.

—The Princes return warm thanks to Rev. President Morrissey for his feast-day cake and some oranges and bananas that he sent them.

—One fiend from the Hawkeye State, who inhabits the *Locus Altissimus* in Brownson Hall, still continues to vex with mirth the drowsy ear of night.

—The St. Cecilians held their sixth regular meeting on the 12th. The program appointed on Friday evening was carried out with great success.

—For the past week the members of the Belles-Lettres class have been discussing the influence of the novel in literature, and the construction of short stories.

—An interesting game was played between a picked eleven of St. Joseph's Hall and another of Carroll Hall. Both sides played well, but neither one gained the victory, the score being 4 to 4.

—During his recent visit to Notre Dame, Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, accompanied by Rev. President Morrissey, visited St. Edward's Hall, and gave some words of golden advice to the Princes on the necessity of forming good habits while young.

—Father Finn's "Mostly Boys" (Benziger Brothers) is a delightful book for boys—bright, breezy and humorous. Professor Egan says that several Carroll Hall "men" of his acquaintance constantly ask him: "Why don't you write books like Father Finn?" "Mostly Boys" is equal to anything Father Finn has written.

—The Orpheus Mandolin Orchestra, which is always welcomed with pleasure whenever it appears at any entertainment, is rehearsing steadily under Prof. Preston's direction, and is composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Barton, Schmidt, Chassaing, Vignos, Kuntz, King, Blanchard, Tong, Quinlan, Chase and Preston; Mandolins—Ackerman, Jones, McPhillips, Chidester; Guitars—Ryan, Adler; Violins, Rauch; Flute—Stuhlfauth, Zeitler.

—The Philodemics held their regular meeting on Wednesday evening. After the usual preliminary business had been disposed of, the regular exercises began. Mr. Alfred Vignos read an interesting little farce, entitled "An Agreeable Talker." He was followed by Mr. Stace, with an essay on "My China Cat"—a

half-sad, half-humorous and wholly charming reminiscent sketch. Mr. Stace occupied a quarter of an hour most pleasantly. The debate was on the question: "Resolved, That the enactment of a compulsory education law would be beneficial." It was ably discussed by Messrs. Pulskamp and T. D. Mott for the affirmative, and Messrs. Walker and Barrett for the negative.

—On Saturday, Dec. 8, the regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was called to order with Col. Wm. Hoynes presiding. After a few preliminary remarks by the chair the society proceeded to the work of the evening, which was a debate on the question: "Resolved, That the income tax provisions of the new tariff law are impracticable and ought to be repealed." The subject was thoroughly discussed by Messrs. M. F. Hennebry and F. G. Mapother for the affirmative, and Messrs. H. Miller and A. Stace for the negative. The debate was highly interesting, and showed that the contestants had made a deep study of our modern financial problems. After many strong convincing arguments had been advanced *pro* and *con*, the chair decided the debate in favor of the affirmative. The question was then thrown open to volunteer speakers, and Messrs. J. Kennedy, White, Murphy and E. Chassaing responded with eloquent speeches. The meeting then adjourned.

—The last meeting of the Columbian Literary Association for the session was held on Thursday evening. After the election of Mr. Howley to membership, the regular programme of the evening was begun by Mr. Gilmartin, who read a paper on "Kindness," in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Brennan followed with a declamation, entitled "Parrhasius," which was delivered in a first class manner. Mr. W. P. Burke opened the debate: "Resolved, That intellectual pursuits give more pleasure than Physical," bringing forward some good points in favor of the affirmative. Mr. W. J. Burke followed with a clear statement of the claims of the physical. Mr. J. J. Ryan arose and adduced a number of strong points in favor of the intellectual side of the question; while Mr. Costello confined himself largely to quoting instances from history as proofs for his argument that the physical life was best, after all. The judges allowed the debate to Messrs. J. J. Ryan and W. P. Burke, thus closing the most successful meeting of the society for the session.

—The case of William P. Smith *vs.* City Park Commissioners, tried on the 5th inst., before Commissioner Herr in the Court of Chancery, came upon appeal in the Supreme Court last Wednesday afternoon, the Hon. Wm. Hoynes presiding. Messrs. Hennessey and Chidester appeared for the appellant, while Messrs. Kennedy and Gibson represented the appellees. A brief statement of the facts is as follows: William P. Smith is owner of five lots in the

city of South Bend. These lots abut on Park Boulevard, which is under control of the City Park Commissioners, a corporate body. Not having at their disposal a sufficient fund properly to maintain and keep in repair the streets and boulevards under their control, the Park Commissioners secured the passage of an act in the General Assembly permitting the levy of a special assessment of ten cents per lineal foot annually upon all lots abutting on said streets and boulevards. Under this levy the assessment on Smith's property was \$25. The act referred to is entitled, to wit, "An act to authorize corporate authorities, having jurisdiction and control of parks, streets, boulevards and ways, to levy a special tax not to exceed ten cents per lineal foot annually upon contiguous property facing and abutting on such streets, boulevards and ways for the maintenance and repair thereof." The constitutional provision, under which the act was passed, is as follows, to wit, "The General Assembly may vest the corporate authorities of cities, towns and villages with power to make local improvements by special assessment, or by special taxation of contiguous property, or otherwise. For all other corporate purposes all municipal corporations may be vested with authority to assess and collect taxes; but such taxes shall be uniform in respect to persons and property within the jurisdiction of the body imposing the same." Mr. Smith's bill prayed for an injunction to prevent the Park Commissioners from collecting the tax thus provided for. His contention was that the act in question is unconstitutional. The Supreme Court took the same view, and decided that the law authorizing the tax is unconstitutional and void.

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#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Burns, Cullinan, Casey, Dempsey, Devaney, Gibson, Keough, Kennedy, Marr, McKee, D. Murphy, Murray, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Stace.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Arnold, Adler, Barry, Baird, Boland, J. Byrne, W. P. Burke, W. J. Burke, Brinker, Baldwin, Blanchard, W. Byrne, Corry, Colvin, J. Corby, Crane, T. Cavanagh, Costello, Crilly, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Dowd, Delaney, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmartin, Guthrie, Herman, A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, Halligan, Harrison, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hodge, Hentges, Hengen, Hanrahen, Jones, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Mathewson, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, Mapother, J. Miller, Montague, Manchester, H. Miller, B. Monahan, A. Monahan, R. Monahan, J. Monahan, J. Moore, Melter, H. Miller, McKee, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, E. Roper, H. Roper, Spengler, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, Scott, F. Smogor, Schultz, S. Steele, C. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, Spalding, C. Smogor, Streicher, Schmidt, Sanders, Thornton, Turner, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wensinger, Wilkin, Zeitler.

## CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ayer, Austin, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlet, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Campau, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connell, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Fitzgerald, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gausepolh, Gainer, Howard, J. Hayes, L. Healy, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, L. Herr, E. Herr, C. Herr, Keeffe, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Kane, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lowery, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Maurer, C. Murray, R. Murray, Minnigerode, Meirs, F. Morris, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, G. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunket, Pendleton, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Reinhard, Roesing, Shipp, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, Smith, Storey, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, Schaack, Strong, Thompson, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Underwood, Whitehead Waard, Wallace, Watterson, Wight, Wigg, Wells, Zitter, Zwicker, Feltenstein.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, Audibert, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissenden, Barrett, Clarke, Cressy, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassady, Cotter, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hart, Herschey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Lawton, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McElroy, McNamara, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Paul, Plunket, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Strauss, Steele, Sexton, Thomas, E. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch.

## List of Excellence.

## COLLEGIATE COURSE.

*Church History*—F. O'Brien; *Advanced Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Arce, J. Barry, J. Ryan, Lantry, A. Ducey; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. A. Hudson, D. Murphy; *Logic*—Messrs. H. Mitchell, J. Ryan, Stace; *Latin*—Messrs. Cullinan, Walker, Hudson, J. Barry, J. Hayes, H. Wilson, W. P. Burke, Herman, Niewland, Schumacher, Sullivan; *Greek*—Messrs. Slevin, Sanders, J. Sullivan, J. Barry, Costello, D. Murphy, Cullinan; *Astronomy*—Messrs. D. Murphy, Walker, H. Mitchell, Hervey; *Civil Engineering*—Messrs. Funke, Hervey, H. Mitchell; *Mechanics of Engineering*—Messrs. Devaney, H. Mitchell; *Descriptive Geometry*—J. Murphy; *Railroad Surveying*—J. Murphy; *Chemistry*—Messrs. Devaney, Karasynski, Lantry, Palmer; *Calculus*—A. Vignos; *Analytical Geometry*—R. Palmer; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Niewland, H. Wilson; *Geometry*—Messrs. Arce, Herman, Gallagher, Delaney, Reilly, Schumacher; *Algebra*—Messrs. O'Malley, Bennett, Arce, Delaney, Reilly; *Belles-Lettres*—Messrs. Casey, Cullinan; *Literary Criticism*—R. Slevin; *Literature*—Messrs. Barry, E. Murphy, Golden, Reilly, P. White; *Rhetoric*—L. Wurzer; *Political Economy*—Messrs. T. Mott, Hudson; *History*—Messrs. P. White, Costello, Delaney, Reardon, Wurzer, H. Wilson; *Mineralogy*—F. Barton; *Metalurgy*—F. Barton; *Botany*—Messrs. Niewland, Palmer, Rosenthal; *Physiology*—Messrs. Barry, Kulamer; *Anatomy*—P. Foley; *Comparative Anatomy*—P. Foley; *Applied Electricity*—Messrs. Hess, J. S. Corby.

## COMMERCIAL AND PREPARATORY COURSES.

*Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Lingefelter, Oldshue, J. Hayes, M. Monarch, P. Smith, McPhillips, J. Cavanagh, Guthrie; *Ancient History*—Messrs. Wurzer, Dreier, Gallagher; *Composition*—Messrs. Lowrey, Stearns, J. Goldstein, Wurzer, Dwyer; *Latin*—Messrs. Byrne, V. Dwyer, Wurzer, Bennett, Dowd, Harrison, Sheehan, Wurzer, Streicher; *Greek*—Messrs. Evanson, McPhillips,

Massey; *Algebra*—Messrs. Wensinger, M. Gibson, Gil-martin, Montague, J. Cavanagh, Melter, Wurzer, Girsch, Golden, J. J. Hogan; *Book-Keeping*—Messrs. Mullen, Whitehead, Hierholzer; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Dowd, H. Miller, Schnur, W. Monahan, Dannemiller, Whitehead, Sheils, Miers, Wojtalewicz, F. Smogor, Dwyer, Long, Adelsperger, Wells, L. Herr, T. Murphy, Kane, Raczynski, Ainsworth, Hindel; *Grammar*—Messrs. Bennett, J. J. Hogan, Oberly, Young, J. Flynn, Ward, Wojtal-wicz, Keefe, Moynahan, Rauch, Stuhlfauth, Ball, Long, Druecker, Hindel, Jones, Raczynski; *Reading*—Messrs. Hentges, A. McCord, Wojtalewicz, Watterson, Murray, Forbing, R. Monahan, Kane, Sheekey, Raczynski, Krug, L. Adler, O'Neill, L. Herr; *Orthography*—Messrs. Hentges, Young, Ward, R. Monahan, A. Monahan, Sheekey, Raczynski, Druecker, Stuhlfauth, Krug, Singler, L. Herr; *Geography*—Messrs. A. Hanhauser, G. Hanhauser, F. Arnold, Moynahan, Rockey, J. Flynn, Singler, J. Barry, Pim, Long, Waters, O'Neill, Hindel, Colvin, Druecker, A. Spillard, Stuhlfauth, L. Adler; *United States History*—Messrs. A. Hanhauser, T. Smogor, Walkowiak, J. Flynn, M. Adler, Kinsella, Long, W. Morris, Druecker, A. Spillard, Stuhlfauth, L. Adler, F. Arnold, Singler, O'Neill, Hindel, Colvin; *Penmanship*—Messrs. Salladay, Temple, Gainer.

## SPECIAL BRANCHES.

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